

Killed for Love

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Killed for Love

****Because I have too much free time and spend way too much time on Tumblr, I found a prompt for this so I thought I might as well try it! It's short, but I do plan on lengthening it later, I just wanted to submit it to get that part out of the way first.****

When I had heard that Hiccup had been captured and held in the prison cells below, I naturally went to go and rescue him from that dark and cruel place. For we are lovers, even if we are both Death eaters, and belonged to separate houses at Hogwarts, something that I always hated, although the hatred lessened as time went on.

But what I never imagined was for this to happen, both of us trapped in adjoining cells, waiting to die by the hand of our dark lord. Our crime you ask? Well, it was apparently the most unspeakable action for ones such as us to commit, that is to fall in love. It did not matter who to, whether it be male or female, but apparently love is forbidden between Death Eaters. But then again, I don't entirely believe that, look at the Malfoys, their married, and yet they're not being executed for it, so why are we? It must be because we are both men, it's the only reason there is. I suppose homophobia is expected from a bunch of murdering psychopaths, so maybe this is our fault after all, we did join them. What a stupid choice.

Sighing sadly, I looked over at my brunet boyfriend of seven years, sitting there against the bars of his cage in his overly large black cloak that enshrouded his entire body, making him look much smaller than he already is. The other members of our organisation always mocked him for that. But to me he is truly adorable, and yet soon he will be nothing but an emptycorpse, holding nothing of what he is

now, and so will I, and there is nothing I can do about it. No spells, as our wands are confiscated, not even words, as a silencing curse has been placed upon us; All I can do is watch him wail silently, in complete despair, and reminisce about our time together, most of it being spent at Hogwarts School For Witchcraft And Wizardry.

We had already met before long being invited to the school, becoming boyfriends practically the day before the train trip. Hiccup had tried to eat a chocolate frog but as soon as he opened the packet it leaped out the window and was taken away by the wind. I found it quite funny, but apparently laughing at your boyfriend's misfortune is not accepted in polite society.

"Jack! I'm starving," he cried pathetically.

"Well don't look at me, I haven't got anything, and besides, I gave you half of my sandwich!"

We walked up the seemingly endless amount of staircases following an elderly woman wearing an over sized cloak, Professor McGonagall was her name. Seriously though, what is it with wizards and cloaks?

She was, as I said, an older woman, who was obviously a very skilled witch given her position as the deputy Head Mistress, as well as a close acquaintance of Dumbledore, the Head Master of this strange and wondrous school. He had yet to make any form of appearance, but something told me that we would meet him soon. I had an image of a grey, midget sized man, but then again he could resemble that wizard out of that Lord Of The Rings film, but I forget his name.

"Mind your step, the staircases are a bit unstable," She sternly said before going up a new flight of them.

I looked to Hiccup quizzically with a raised eyebrow, they were made of stone, how unstable can they be? Apparently the answer to that was very, because as soon as the last person in our line put both feet on the first step, the whole thing moved abruptly, forcing me to grab Hiccup's arm so that he didn't fall backwards on the other students. That would not be the best start to the school year. I did not want to have to settle a fight with the evil looking blond boy behind us, I made a mental note to avoid him at all costs.

"Thanks Jack, that was-" but he never finished his thank you, as he gazed upon the wall behind me. I turned, wondering what he was staring at, and what I saw made my cerulean eyes grow wide, almost bulging out their sockets. Moving paintings. Paintings that moved, as in actually moving, not animated, but moving!. If it was physically possible, I bet both our mouths would be on the floor by now.

"Hic, are you seeing this?"

>"Yeah."
"Good, so I'm not crazy."

We ascended further, me jumping out my skin when one of the portraits talked to me, landing on a random ginger boy and his bespectacled friend with a funny shaped scar. How'd he get that? Oh well, not my place to ask. But what the hell, how could they talk? They weren't living"

>Hiccup laughed at me quietly, "Jack, they're magic paintings and you're surprised they can talk?"<p>

We stopped outside a giant door, the Professor turning around and hushing us all.

I leaned over to Hiccup and whispered quietly, "Now this is where she puts us in a cauldron and eats us!"

>He just elbowed my arm with a smile on his face in reply. I loved that smile, it was awkward and slightly lopsided, but to me it was perfect, like no other I had ever seen in my life.<p>

"Now then students, through this door you shall find out which house you are to be sorted into. The prefects of your assigned houses will then take you to your dormitories where you will remain for the rest of the day. They will also explain the rules to you in more depth."

She turned away from us and gave the door a mighty push, I looked at Hiccup in surprise that she could actually open it alone.

But what I saw had me at a loss for words, even more than the talking paintings; even more than the moving staircase; even more than the fact that I'm apparently a wizard. Okay maybe not the last one, but it definitely had me speechless. It was a gigantic hall, lined with four massive tables each filled with a vast, almost infinite, amount of food. But the best part? The millions of floating candles.

Yes, there were literally millions of floating candles above us, each of them at different heights on their wicks. I wonder how this whole room isn't filled with melted wax...

All the students walked into the room with their necks either craned skywards, or locked onto the tables, colliding when we came to a sudden stop. What for? How would we be sorted into our houses?

The professor called over an older student who brought out an old, ancient even, looking item, placing it down on a small stool. I wonder what power it holds within.

"You will approach when your name is called, and then you will be sorted into your respective houses."

I raised my hand, "And how does that work exactly?"

>She picked up the item carefully, straightening it out, "With this, mister Frost."<p>

It unfolded slowly, elegantly and it was a... a...

"That's a hat," Hiccup abruptly said, earning some giggles from around us.

I leant over again, "Dude, this is a school of wizards, don't you think the hat is maybe magic or something?"

"Jack, it's a hat."

McGonagall did not look at all pleased, frowning heavily, "Alright then mister Haddock," a few people laughed at his name, "Come forward."

He walked up unfazed and sat on the stool as the hat was placed on

his head, nothing happening for a short while.

"Well, this is really magical," he mumbled loudly.

But then it happened, the hat twisted and turned, wiggling to life. The various folds in its surface forming something that resembled a ugly little face. Okay, that was just plain weird.

"What was that boy?" it said in an old sounding voice, but Hiccup didn't really react, just raising his eyebrows. I guess after the other events of today nothing here really surprised him now.

"Hmm, so what house to put you in then? Not enough bravery for Gryffindor, and certainly not cunning enough for Slytherin, so it's between Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw is it? " the hat made various noises, deciding which house to place him in. I kinda wanted to bat that creepy thing off my boyfriends forehead, but who knows what it could do to me.

"Hufflepuff!" it finally cried, right I have to get into that house now.

A long time passed before I was called up to have my house decided, and from what I gathered Gryffindor was the house for people with heart and courage, Ravenclaw was the incredibly smart people, Slytherin was for the sneaky and cunning, and Hufflepuff? Well, I still don't know even now, but Hiccup's in that house, so I have to be too, to protect him.

I approached the stool and sat down calmly, feeling the hat placed on my head. It was a weird sensation as it twisted and turned, but what's more is that it felt as if it was poking around inside my head, looking and learning everything about me.

"Hmm, there is a strong desire to get into Hufflepuff, but..."

"Please," I whispered quietly.

The hat seemed to be curious, "Oh, a very strong wanting for it indeed."

It continued to twist and move about on my head, the fabric itching slightly, "Slytherin!"

And that's when my world seemed to shatter. Sure I was a bit of a prankster, but I was nothing like what those others were, they were just plain awful. I looked over to Hiccup, and he seemed to be distraught as he was hushed out along with other students, I wonder if I'll see him again soon.

I was snapped out of my memory by the banging of a gate. My cage was being opened by a spell, one cast by... Bellatrix Lestrange. Great, the dark lord's personal fangirl, come to grace us with her prescence. If it wasn't for this silencing curse I would be swearing loudly at her.

"You, out, against the wall."

I looked over to Hiccup and he was already being hurried out of his

cage by a masked Death Eater, coward could at least show his face to his comrades.

"The dark lord cannot waste time on lowly bugs such as you, so we've been commanded to kill you." She squealed and giggled in excitement, but then her happiness seemed to fade, "But unfortunately I've been prohibited from torturing you by the Dark Lord himself because of your service, so at least you get a quick death."

Oh joy, I rolled my eyes as I stood next to Hiccup against the wall, taking his hand in mine, mouthing the words, "I love you," which he returned.

I looked back up and Bellatrix was not at all pleased, more disgusted than anything, "Urgh, let's just Kill them already," she said to the other beside her.

My body moved quickly as they began to wave their wands, grabbing Hiccups chin and pulling him for one last kiss, merging our tongues together. Tears flowed down both our cheeks and combined with our saliva, making for a salty kiss. I stuck my hands in his as I heard the words that signalled our demise.

"AVARDA KEDAVRA!"

>And then it went black, and there was no more Hiccup, no more anything. Just the embrace of death.<p>

End
file.